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Education for Total Life

MOST REV. JOHN T. McNICHOLAS, O.P., S.T.M.

Text of the address given by the Archbishop of Cincinnati, at the One Hundred and Second Commencement Exercises of Xavier University, June 3, 1942, in Xavier Memorial Fieldhouse.

XAVIER UNIVERSITY is observing tonight the one hundred and second anniversary of the close of its scholastic year.

Men of Xavier have marched uninterruptedly down the century. They have had always in their Alma Mater a wise mother who recognized her obligation to prepare young men for total life, the life of time and eternity, of earth and heaven, the life of adversity and prosperity, the life of peace and of war.

Education that really fits young people for total life is that development which makes them instructed and self-governed men. True education means that a moral character has been formed, that the habits of religious-mindedness have been acquired, that a normal, sane judgment and a laudable human ambition guide individuals in the performance of everyday duties, that the necessary means are employed to attain one's eternal destiny. Men of Xavier, the heritage bequeathed you by your founders and pre-

served by their successors to this very hour is precious beyond price.

You have been trained in a liberal arts school, in a Catholic school. You have been guided by teachers molded in the spirit and traditions of Ignatius. They have done everything humanly possible to impress upon you, during your formative years, the advantage of acquiring knowledge through hard work and preserving efforts; they have done more—by word and example they have trained you to be self-disciplined men in mind, in emotions, in will and in heart. Men of Xavier, if you reflect seriously in the years to come, if you try consistently to follow the principles you have learned in your Alma Mater, and if you show only the ordinary gratitude that must be expected of every alumnus of this institution, you will thank God daily for having brought you under the influence of the Jesuit Fathers, whose lives have been dedicated with inspiring disinterestedness and noble sacrifice to your intellectual formation and to your moral and spiritual well-being.

Our country is now involved in war. Men of Xavier, your education for total life gives you the correct attitude of mind toward your country engaged in war; it prepares you to make sacrifices, however great, according to your qualifications; it makes you acknowledge the authority of our country as supreme in defending its citizens, its structure of government, its freedom and its way of life. You respectfully regard that authority as having its source in God. You know that the war in which we are now engaged was forced upon us. Our Government could make no other choice. You know that our country is engaged in a total war, but our conception of a total war is not that of totalitarians. Our Government, thank God, prosecutes even a total war according to the principles of a moral code. You are happy, I am sure, that our nation today, under our Commander-in-Chief, is mar-

velously united, even in the gruesome thing of war. Disloyalty to our country at war is simply impossible in any true son of Xavier. We can, without fear of contradiction, say the same of every worthy son of any Catholic college in our land. Our country need have no fear of subversive activities or even of disloyal thoughts in any Catholic college.

The Catholic Church knows the horrors and evils of war. She has dealt with them for two thousand years. Volumes might be written on the Catholic Church and War. More than human prudence has guided the Church during the centuries in dealing with nations at war. We have, today, evidence of the wisdom, prudence and courage of him who loves equally all peoples and all nations and who, in this dark and sad hour, is guiding the bark of Peter. Pope Pius XII, speaking for the whole Church, resourcefully opposed the opening clash of arms of the nations. For three years His Holiness's efforts for peace have been heroic. Pope Pius XII, in his relations to the nations at war, is the example of the most perfect impartiality of which a human being is capable. His authentic voice inspires confidence; his counsels have the accumulative wisdom of all his predecessors. His plea for moderation even in war must be accepted, unless men are to revert to a savage state; his principles of peace, founded on the natural and Divine law, must be followed, if justice, the dignity of every human being, and the love of all men are to prevail in the peace treaties.

Our President has long labored to have our country see the whole world and to make America understand both its relationship and its obligations to the nations of the world. Just as we find individuals who are characterized by right-thinking and right-heartedness, so we find right-thinking and right-hearted nations. Our President has consistently asked the United States to cooperate with the right-thinking and the right-

hearted countries; he has the support of our Congress and of our citizens in throwing our mighty armed forces and boundless resources against the cruel might of the wrong-thinking and wrong-hearted nations of the world.

These decisions of our Government are probably the most far-reaching that have ever been made in our history. They will likely change seriously the whole course of events in our country and will influence all the nations of the world. This is all the more evident when we reflect that we are not only engaged in a global war but we are in the midst of a world revolution, which will affect every nation and the life of every survivor of the war. The momentous decisions of our country can be terrifying, not because of America's wealth or man-power or exhaustless resources or fabulous war production but because our new position will be one for good or for evil.

If America recognizes that the reconstruction of society and of the world is basically a moral question and insists on fixed moral values, then we can thank God for the revolutionary change which has taken place in our country and for the determination with which our President has insisted that the giant strength of our nation be drawn from a moral and spiritual source. It was inspiring to have our Commander-in-Chief tell us that we are not engaged in a war of revenge but in one that will win a just peace for all. We are confident that we shall win the war. But we have no assurance of the just peace desired by our President, unless moral principles govern the rulers of nations and the framers of peace treaties. If, on the other hand, when peace comes, our country be influenced by materialism, by atheistic Communism, by pseudo-liberalism and by a short-sighted opportunism, then the gravest dangers face America—the dangers of regimentation, of might constituting right, of the eventual rejection of moral values, and

of that confusion and chaos which will give the subversive forces the opportunity to destroy the American way of life.

As we are at the cross-roads, let us confidently hope and pray that America will ever stand for God and for right, for all the freedoms that do not imply abuse, for the supreme importance of moral values. If these be the unalterable decisions of our country, then peace will bring a new day and a new destiny for America. Then we may welcome the vision and courage of our President in asking that America continue, in peacetime, to collaborate with the right-thinking nations of the world. A sane national judgment, a true national heart and a national soul ever stirred with the conviction that all its citizens have as their eternal destiny—God—must give to America a pre-eminence in the council of the nations, perhaps the leadership of the world.

We must think of our new duties and of our new position not in a proud spirit, not with boastful words on our lips, but with humility and prayer that the United States may do what is best for its own citizens and, then, may be as helpful as possible to all the nations of the world. I am certain that the men of Xavier can be counted upon to be true and loyal citizens of America, whatever the future may be.

Tonight, seventy-five graduates of Xavier University go forth from the College of Liberal Arts. They are divided into four categories: those receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Philosophy, Bachelor of Science, and Bachelor of Science in Business Administration. I am informed that a third of these young men will receive their commissions as Second Lieutenants in the Field Artillery of the United States Army and will soon enter upon their active duties. May I extend my very sincere congratulations to all the graduates, and may I assure the Second Lieutenants of this graduating class that the Arch-

diocese of Cincinnati is proud of them. It is happy to know that Xavier University not only is teaching theoretical patriotism but that it is actually serving our country in the greatest crisis of its history.

Among the men of Xavier we find representatives of all the professions—judges, physicians, lawyers, editors, business men, prelates of the Church, ranking officials of the secular and regular clergy, fathers of truly Christian homes and worthy citizens.

Achievements alone do not satisfy Xavier. With the Ignatian spirit, it looks into the future; it is anxious to continue its training of men. I hope its President, Father Steiner, will have the wholehearted cooperation of the clergy and, especially, of the parents in sending their sons to Xavier, that they may be trained for total life. I cannot commend too highly the instruction given, the discipline of mind and heart acquired and the moral and religious character formed at Xavier University. I earnestly ask priests, parents, Catholic benefactors and all the men of Xavier to do the most they can to double the student body at this University during the coming year. This will be a true service to our country and to the Church.

Christians At Bay

JOHN MURRAY

Reprinted from the MONTH (London)

THERE is plenty of real evidence that both Catholics and Protestants on the Continent are resisting Nazi pressure—for religious as well as patriotic motives—and, in many cases, are actively combating Nazism. This is very clear in the Low Countries. The Catholic Bishops of Holland and Belgium refuse the Sacraments and Christian burial to members of the "Quisling" parties which the Nazis have organized in their coun-

tries, and will not baptize their children—on the strict canonical ground that there is no hope that these children will be brought up as Catholics. The position is perhaps stronger in Holland. There the Dutch Calvinist authorities are every bit as firm as their Catholic colleagues, and there is no awkward “race and language” difficulty such as exists in Belgium between Flemings and Walloons and is being exploited, of course, in the Nazi interest.

The Nazi occupants of Holland and Belgium are either loath or afraid to adopt very severe measures: the religious and national opposition is so marked. Their method is to attack and, as they imagine, to discredit the religious leaders through the “Quisling” Press. On February 1, 1942, a Lenten pastoral was read in the churches of the Archdiocese of Malines. The text is not yet available outside Belgium, but it is obvious from criticisms in the Nazi-inspired papers that Cardinal van Roey insisted in the pastoral that the first condition for a durable peace is that Belgium should be entirely free, and that, as far as any so-called “New Order” went, only a sovereign Belgium could decide whether or not she would have any part in it.

The Cardinal was referring to the first of the Papal Peace Points, enunciated by Pius XII on Christmas Eve, 1939, and re-affirmed on Christmas Eve, 1941. A few days after the reading of the pastoral, the Nazi Flemish paper *Volk en Staat* tried to argue that the Pope's Christmas Eve allocution supported the Nazi New Order, and that the Pope's mention of “freedom and independence” could not refer to Belgium since Belgium failed to fulfil certain moral conditions indispensable in Nazi eyes. One sentence from the pastoral is quoted in *Pays Réel* (February 15): “Every time a new system has attempted to change or abolish the rules of Christianity that govern family life, experience has proved them wrong. By touching fam-

ily life they shake the basis of society." The Cardinal was clearly emphasizing the anti-Christian character of Nazi totalitarianism.

In Norway more open pressure is being applied to the Protestant Church. From the start tension has existed between the Quisling section and the Norwegian Church authorities who have shown themselves one of the stiffest cores of the national resistance. Strong protests were recently registered against the attempt to force the youth into the new "Quisling" youth organization. A climax was reached on February 1, when the Quislings insisted on a pro-Quisling ceremony being held in Trondheim Cathedral at the hour of the morning service. The ordinary service was postponed until the afternoon, when it was taken by Dr. Fjelbu, the Dean of Trondheim, and was attended by very large crowds. The morning service, at which a pro-Quisling minister functioned, was practically boycotted. Before and during the afternoon service the congregation was interfered with by the Quisling police who blocked the church entrances and threatened those who tried to take part in it. As a result of this disturbance, the Norwegian Bishops have resigned from their formal offices and in future—so they announced in a letter read in many churches on March 1—they will exercise only their directly religious functions. The deans of all the dioceses have rejected a Quisling invitation to carry on in place of the Bishops. Indeed, only a very small proportion of the Norwegian clergy—about two per cent.—has shown any sympathy with the Quisling régime or given any support to the Nazis' supposed crusade against Russia.

The Primate of the Norwegian Church is Dr. Berggrav, Bishop of Oslo. He has courageously protested against Nazi or Nazi-encouraged interference in Church matters, has denounced the decline in law and order due to the excesses of the Quisling Youth,

and has consistently opposed Quisling. Quisling and the German Commissioner, Terboven, often make attacks upon him. When the former was officially made Prime Minister of the puppet administration, Terboven devoted most of his inaugural address to a denunciation of Dr. Berggrav. He recalled pre-war visits paid by the Primate to Germany and England—a proof, in Terboven's mind, of political intrigue. In order to pretend that the initiative in this Church crisis was theirs and not the Primate's, the Quisling Government declared, on February 16, that Dr. Berggrav had been dismissed from his office and may no longer use the episcopal title.

Protestant circles, both in Sweden and Finland, have been angered by these Quisling measures against the Norwegian Church. Typical of Swedish comment is an article that appeared in the Stockholm *Tidningen* for February 28, under the heading "Patriot and Christian."

Dr. Berggrav was not only outstanding in the Norwegian Church and very prominent in the struggles of today, but he enjoyed a quite unique position in the whole of northern Christianity and in Nordic cultural life. In Sweden, the name of Berggrav was known and respected long before the events of these latest years. For decades the theological world of Sweden had learnt to appreciate highly his important work and his personality. . . .

In the struggle for the soul of the Norwegian people and the struggle for the position of the Church *vis-a-vis* the State, as well as for the maintenance of law and order—all occasioned by the occupation of Norway and the behavior of the Quisling regime—Berggrav fully understood his duties both as patriot and Christian.

That the Polish people are opposing an unflinching religious resistance to Nazism is more than evident. There, more than in any other occupied country, rages a veritable and a foully conducted persecution of the Church. This persecution was the subject of two long reports, submitted in 1940 to the Pope by Cardinal

¹ Published for the Polish Ministry of Information by Hutchinson and Co. Pp. xiv, 588. Price: \$2.15 net. The pages which record this persecution of the Catholic Church in Poland are 317 to 391.

Hlond, the Polish Primate. Details from these reports as well as more recent information of Nazi persecution fill more than seventy pages of *The German New Order in Poland*—a necessary but a very terrible indictment of German brutalism and terrorism.¹ A mere glance through its pages is a sickening revelation of the cruelty and bestiality to which human nature—at its worst—can sometimes decline.

The spiritual resistance of the Polish people can scarcely be measured in statistics. Something of it can be glimpsed in a Lenten sermon, broadcast in Polish by Monsignor Kaczynski a few weeks ago:

The Polish nation lives through its Lent amidst inhuman persecutions and ceaseless resistance to the invader. It suffers not through its own fault. Yet, in spite of this, our country has realized that the present ordeal calls for the examination of consciences, for a looking back and a finding of oneself again. This retreat has achieved its aim. It has deepened faith, purged the senses, steelled the will and given strong men to Poland. At home, in the prisoner-of-war camps and in Kazakstan, the Poles have been spiritually regenerated. This is what a prominent Polish scientist writes of his experiences in a camp in Russia:

"In our camp life this spiritual change in the soul of the prisoners has found its expression in a changed appearance and behavior. The shoulders stooped by misfortune are straightened, the faces smiling, the quarrels and bickering have died down. Faith in the future, in Poland, in our endurance, in the victory of Good over Evil, is growing steadily. . . . I see the catacomb Masses which we held secretly every morning, and I see men who wept from emotion and whose whole being was as one with the priest in a common prayer. I will never forget this experience."

When our countrymen left the prisons and camps, they did not think of past suffering, they heard only the challenge: "It is necessary to forget—to forget one's wrongs and to work for Poland." They acted accordingly.

In order to realize what our soldiers think and feel, listen to the prayer of one of our pilots, the text of which reached me not long ago: "Be praised, O God, for all our tribulations, for all our sorrows. Obviously it must be that we should reach a new life and freedom through the purgatory of suffering. So be praised, O God Almighty. We must be the chosen people if you force us to suffer so much, if you allow us to scatter our graves all over the world, if we have to die in defence not of our freedom alone. Permit us to return to our homeland, to kiss its sacred earth and work again for its glory. It does not matter that so many of us have perished by the way, that our hearts

are consumed with longing. . . . We do believe. We believe and that is why we see things clearly and we keep smiling, that we can even die with a smile. We believe that God has not forsaken Poland."

Comment on these words is surely superfluous. Heroism cannot be demanded of everybody, but it is being demanded today of hundreds of thousands, even millions, of the Poles. And they are responding to its stern challenge.

But what—it will be asked—of the situation within Germany? Is there evidence of Catholic and Protestant resistance to Nazism? Yes, there is. The Confessional Church among Protestants and the Catholic Church in Germany have consistently protested against the various Nazi attempts to de-Christianize public life and to rule out every Christian influence. What success have these protests had? Very little, on the whole, though they have managed to put a stop to this or that evil for the time being. The Nazi technique in attacking religion is exactly the same as their military tactics in France and Russia. They test the opposing front—whether military or religious—for a weak point. Then, having discovered it, they attack in force. Should they break through, they push in all available resources—to make as big a breach in that front as possible. Should they meet with resistance, they are elastic enough in their methods to withdraw. The measure is withdrawn, suspended—at times even disclaimed. The general purpose remains, of course, always the same—that of breaking through and destroying all Christian belief and influence in Germany.

Consequently the serious German Catholic finds himself in an unenviable position. He must understand that Nazism is thoroughly antagonistic to the Catholic Church, and indeed to everything Christian. His country's victory would mean the elimination of all Catholic influence and would certainly bring with it a radical persecution of Catholics. On the other hand—as a German—he naturally dreads his country's defeat,

particularly as this would involve the triumph of Russia in Eastern and Central Europe. He must surely share the common German apprehension that their enemies and the peoples of the occupied countries may inflict a terrible punishment upon them because of the Nazis' appalling crimes. No doubt there are some German Catholics who are so acutely aware of the dangers to Faith and Church of Nazism that they consider any alternative to be preferable, whatever the suffering involved. But, on the whole, men do not argue rationally where national feeling is in question. With many of them there must be an uneasy balance between hopes of a German victory and fears of what that victory might bring—with the vague and self-deceiving hope that their fears may not be realized after all.

The German Catholic Bishops, while exhorting the German Catholics to fulfil their civic and military obligations, have given no active countenance to the war. They have not spoken of right and justice, as have Cardinal Hinsley and the Hierarchy of the United States. Nor, for that matter—with one or two minor and insignificant exceptions—have the Bishops of Italy. The German Bishops accepted a difficult situation without—what they may have considered—unnecessary comment. Whether, and how far, comment was advisable, is not easy to judge. One can criticize the German Hierarchy—and I have heard German Catholics criticize them bitterly—for their too passive attitude between 1933 and 1939. They defended their positions as best they could. But the initiative was always with the Nazi attacker: and, one by one, the positions were turned or directly taken. They may have been too Maginot-minded in their religious defence, as were the French in the summer of 1940, and as we have shown ourselves to be more recently—and with less excuse, though with fewer means at our disposal—in the Far East. Perhaps counter-

attack was essential to any effective defence. The fact remains that the German Catholic defensive was not really successful, as it had been successful against the *Kulturkampf* of Bismarck. It was complicated by a considerable fifth-column among Catholics themselves, men who had eagerly lapped up the Nazi excuses that whatever measures were taken against bishops, clergy, schools and religious houses were designed purely against "political" Catholicism and were in the country's—and incidentally the Church's—better interest.

It is not the intention of this article to adjudge this highly delicate question. What is clear is that the German Bishops, though they gave no positive sanction to the war, did refrain from creating difficulties for their Government. Meanwhile, persecution went on intermittently. No doubt the Bishops held their protests as long as they decently could—in the national interest. Last summer, however, it was no longer possible to remain silent. The measures of the Gestapo and the continuous interference with directly religious concerns and activities drew forth three energetic sermons from the Bishop of Münster, Graf von Galen. The fact that the Bishop was not arrested, or, if arrested, was immediately released (both reports reached this country) shows that his sermons had awakened dangerous Catholic echoes, at any rate in his native Westphalia. It is significant that, although Münster was at the time being heavily raided by the R.A.F., the Bishop made no complaint about this—as part of the war's vicissitudes: his entire protest was against the tyrannous behavior of the Gestapo. From approximately the same period date the protest of Dr. Bornewasser, Bishop of Trier, and a document of the Bavarian Bishops denouncing measures that had been adopted to de-Christianize still further the Bavarian schools.

Since this article was begun, an authentic text has been received in this country of the sermon preached

on November 30, 1941, by the Bishop of Trier. He was protesting against the attacks made at public meetings in his diocese by a prominent State Official against some of the most cherished ideas of Christianity. Here we give merely the points to which he took exception and not his dignified and courageous exposition of the Catholic teaching on these points.

In the first place he protests "against the blasphemous misuse of the Holy Name of God. In the course of his address the speaker used the blasphemous expressions: 'Jehovah, it is time you went! Jehovah, you are a back number! Jehovah, the game is up!'" He then objects to the ridicule poured upon the Commandments of God. "He who dismisses God likewise dismisses the Ten Commandments as, indeed, the speaker did in these words: 'We recognize only the Laws of Nature, not the Ten Commandments.' The Commandments with their bestialities, he considers, have been good for those swine, the Jews, but not for us!"

And further "the mockery of the Lord's Prayer in this speech was the cause of the deepest pain to all Christians. When a high State official proclaims, as was the case in Koblenz, in a public meeting: 'The man who prays "Our Father . . . give us this day our daily bread" is a slave. . . . One does not pray for bread, one fights for it'—that is a degradation of the most sacred of all Christian prayers and deeply offensive to every faithful believer in Christ."

To touch on another point, the Bishop declares that he was not surprised but none the less profoundly shocked when the speaker stated: "I would swear any false oath for Germany; yea, fifty a day if need be!" He notes that he does not know whether the chairman called the speaker to order at that moment: but he does know that there was general applause from the public at that particular point.

He gives details of the Nazi closing of churches in

his own diocese and in occupied Western Poland. "In the ecclesiastical province of Cologne, to which we belong, forty-seven monasteries were victims of the attacks upon religious houses of last summer. The sanctuary light has been extinguished in twenty-five churches and chapels which are deprived of the Blessed Sacrament, the Mass and Holy Communion." In Posen, "before the German troops entered the town," there were thirty public churches; now there were only three in which services might be held: the remainder "have been converted into furniture repositories and riding schools or fitted out for other purposes." Before the arrival of German troops, there were 431 public churches in the whole diocese of Posen; today only forty-five remained.

The sermon concluded with a touching personal appeal which may well be repeated: "Catholic men and women, dear children, it has been hard for me to preach this sermon. At the beginning of the new Church year I would much rather have given you an Advent address. But it was my sacred duty to preach as I have done today. A man of my advanced years knows that the end of his life is not far off. I must soon appear before my Judge. That is why I recently delivered three long sermons on the burning questions of the day. I want to be able to stand before my Creator with a clear conscience and say to Him: 'I have fought for the Truth and proclaimed it to those under me in season and out of season. I have patiently endured insult and calumny in silence for Thy sake. I have visited the flock you confided to my care in their smallest and most remote hamlets, proclaiming the Word of God, bestowing the Holy Spirit in Confirmation, strengthening them in difficult times.'"

It appears likely that these episcopal protests had some degree of success, and that orders were issued from Berlin, putting an end to—or at least a brake upon—these acts of interference.

Only, of course, for the time being. For it is evident that even the war, with its need for national unity, has brought no genuine armistice in the Nazi struggle with the Church.

Will the War Decimate the Middle Class?

The Central Verein Press Bulletin

IF THE depression pushed the middle class to the brink of disaster, the war seems likely to push its members over the precipice. The small businessman or manufacturer, for instance, is feeling increasingly the pinch of defense priorities, unable to obtain an adequate supply of merchandise or raw materials as the case may be.

In fact, there is ample warrant for the fear being expressed with growing frequency that the middle class in general, and small business in particular, is being strangled out of existence. Over a period of many months prior to the outbreak of war, it was charged Government agencies discriminated against the "little people," and the assertion that the banks cooperated in the "squeeze policy" by refusing small enterprisers the money needed to engage in war production has yet to be refuted. Even following the declaration of war, conditions were not substantially changed, and it is estimated that by the middle of next year some 20,000 industrial enterprises will be compelled to close their doors.

The decline of the middle class must be viewed as a dangerous symptom of social sickness. For it is upon this class all Christian sociologists base their theories of social reform. Remove it, drive its members into the ranks of lower classes, and a disordered

social body composed of proletarians and the wealthy will result, with an unbridgeable chasm between the groups.

The problem has occasioned grave concern on the part of many social authorities. The distinguished Jesuit sociologist, Rev. Valère Fallon, for example, insists in his *Principles of Social Economy* upon the duty "to preserve as much as possible the middle classes. . . . The concentration movement which characterizes our era threatens particularly the petty tradesmen and the small business men."

Similarly, the non-Catholic Lewis Corey points out in *The Crisis of the Middle Class* that "not only is there a quantitative change in the greater ruin wrought, but a qualitative change in its impact on groups formerly only slightly affected by depression." Large numbers of small producers, storekeepers and independent professionals are always killed off by depression, the author adds. "But mere assassination now becomes massacre. In only three years of depression, from 1930 to 1932, 578,000 independent enterprisers in industry, trade and the professions, were driven out of business: one out of six. The massacre is still on; the survivors tremble." And the present threat to the middle class, growing out of the war, should make those who did survive tremble even more.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the trend toward the extinction of the middle class of society than the story of the oil industry. It is a story of ruthless force and intrigue, of monopoly and combination. Some time ago a contributor to the London *New Statesman* laid bare some of the details of the petroleum industry's history; the author is said to have had long and intimate experience of the industry.

Twenty years ago, he relates, a refinery with a capacity of one to two thousand barrels a day was a full-sized unit capable of operating with efficiency equal to the largest refineries. Today, however, the

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minimum economic unit "is in the neighborhood of 10,000 barrels per day," and cost from half-a-million to a million dollars to construct. But at the same time, the writer states: "I do not consider that the large companies are appreciably more efficient than the small ones; in fact, in many cases they are much less efficient."

The tendency toward the all-powerful international group of oil companies, which have been able to drive out most of the small units, has resulted more, he believes, from such causes as "political influence, the power of propaganda (including advertising), and the advantage which accompanies large capital in patent litigation." He remarks that a column he had written for a British newspaper some years ago, analyzing oil products, was suppressed through the action of large companies because "the analyses indicated that certain little-known products were of approximately the same quality as some of the very heavily advertised brands which sold at higher prices!" And the story of British oil is the story of the industry throughout the world. Needless to say, the small men have for the most part been driven to the wall.

But can such conditions long endure without disastrous consequences? Can the middle class, the backbone of social organization, be destroyed with impunity? Hardly. Moreover, there are moral considerations to the problem. As three French social writers, Rivière, Agnard and Colrat, maintain, "shielded from want and protected from luxury, living at home, the middle class is, from the moral viewpoint, in a most favorable situation. It is an intermediate category between the capitalists and the wage-earners, and can obstruct the economic and the political excesses of both." Take away the backbone and the human body collapses, take away the middle class—the real backbone of society—and the social body will likewise collapse.

Nocturnal Communions Within Sound of Gestapo Sentry's Footsteps

GEORGE BARNARD

N. C. W. C. News Service

FOUR HUNDRED Slovene priests in a Nazi concentration camp, many of them without Mass for two months, were electrified when a whisper ran round that the Blessed Sacrament had been brought among them.

Hosts had been carried in by a newly-arrested priest who had put the Sacred Particles in a handbag. In the darkness of early morning, and by the light of an electric torch, all the despairing priests received Holy Communion in the stable of the Trappist monastery in which they were imprisoned.

The episode is one of the most thrilling spiritual experiences of the war. It is described in detail in a letter which has been made available to me here—a letter written by one of the priests in the camp.

The letter begins by describing how the priests of the two dioceses of German-occupied Slovenia were rounded up by the Gestapo and taken to the concentration camp at Maribor. Of the 764 priests in the two dioceses, the Germans left at liberty only fourteen, and they were old men. From Maribor the priests were taken to Rajhenburg, near Croatia, and were housed in the stables of the Trappist monastery. Then the letter goes on:

MASS FORBIDDEN

For over two months we had not been allowed to say Mass, nor could we receive Holy Communion, nor visit a church.

But on a memorable day Jesus Christ Himself came to visit us.

For several days rumors had been circulating that we were to be moved to an unknown place. Every minute we expected the dreaded call.

You can imagine how surprised we were when, instead, we heard the rumbling of many lorries pouring into our stable yard. We looked through the airholes in the stable walls, covered with barbed wire.

Were they coming to fetch us?

No, they were bringing fresh "loads." They were priests, some in cassocks, some in civilian attire, some only superficially clad. Old and young.

We recognized Capuchin Fathers from Celje, Lazarist Fathers from Celje, also, and other priests whom we had heard were in prison somewhere or other.

They were told to jump down and line up in the stable yard. After being numbered and checked by name they were hurried to the stables.

Some were very old, too old and worn out to walk even with the aid of a stick. One priest, ninety-two years old, fell. A kind soldier helped him to his feet.

There were laymen among the prisoners and on-lookers. *Schande!*—"Shame!"—came from one of them at the awful sight.

Behind our wired airholes others looked on silently, thinking about Northern *kultur*.

One of the Capuchin Fathers brought with him a handbag.

In it were consecrated Hosts.

That very morning, we were told later, the Gestapo had broken into the monastery in Celje and ordered the Fathers to clear out at once. There was no time to consume the Sacred Hosts in the church or to hide them elsewhere.

What was to be done? They could not be left there. So many awful sacrileges had already been reported.

One of the Fathers somehow managed to get into

the church and, unnoticed, put the Sacred Hosts into his handbag.

Thus Our Lord came with His unfortunate priests into exile. He knew that there were in Rajhenburg many who longed for Him, to greet Him, to tell Him of their gratitude, to be united with Him in Holy Communion.

OUR LORD IS HERE

That is how, with the help of the Gestapo, Our Lord came to visit His Faithful in a concentration camp.

Soon, silently, from mouth to mouth, the glorious news spread through the stables.

"We have Our Lord in our midst." . . . "Our Lord is here!" "Is it true? Where?"

"Over there—on the wall to the right of the entrance to the yard. In the brown handbag hanging on the wall."

And so it was. I went there. Priests moved by in respectful file, bowing as they passed the humble "tabernacle."

Greetings . . . homage . . . thanks . . . prayers for our poor country. But no complaints. How happy we felt could only be told by Him Who sees the secrets of the heart.

The yard became quiet, but not silent. We dared not be silent; the Gestapo would have noticed it, and this must be avoided until tomorrow at least, after Holy Communion. The yard had to look "everyday"—and so it looked, in order to protect the presence of our dear Guest. Only our hearts spoke, and eyes revealed the infinite joy which, once more in history, has filled a humble stable chosen by Our Lord for His residence. . . . In a handbag, indeed! What a humble tabernacle, before which nearly four hundred priests of the diocese of Maribor had their Holy Hour of watch and adoration.

CONFESSIONS HEARD

In the evening, after community prayers, Monsignor X. told everybody that tomorrow, early in the morning, Holy Communion would be given. We knew that, but it was nice to hear the news repeated in some sort of official way.

All the evening you could have seen priests, two and two together, whispering — confessing and hearing confession.

Then we retired for the night. How different it was from the other days. When the Gestapo man, as usual, came into the yard to wish us "Good night" and turn out the light, he saw us all quietly on the straw.

He wondered, greeted, turned out the light and left us.

Yes, he was right. A good night, indeed. The first good night after two horrible months. A sweet, holy night. Our Lord was with us.

We did not sleep. Who could?

We heard whispers in the darkness. Two knelt side by side . . . *Ego te absolvo*—"I absolve thee"—and so it went on and on in the two yards. I myself knelt down beside Father P.P., and he said over me the words *Ego te absolvo*.

Guiding themselves by touching the wall, men moved around the pitch-dark yard towards the handbag. . . . A glorious night, the like none had experienced.

Outside we heard the tramping strides of the Gestapo guard.

When all was finished, we "dressed." In the most perfect silence, for the guard must notice nothing.

ELECTRIC TORCH CANDLE

A Jesuit Father prepared a modest altar. Not very much of an altar. We had one white sheet amongst the four hundred of us. It served to cover a wooden box. A single electric torch did well for the candles.

We had no surplice, no stole. The white civilian clothes of the Jesuit Fathers were good instead.

We wanted to do everything properly, you see, and with the best things at our disposal.

And then came Holy Communion.

One after the other the priests came through the darkness, silent shadows moving through the night, a long procession of souls with unseen bodies.

They came to the corner of the yard, knelt and received the Sacred Host.

Received, I say, but with a respect and gratitude in their hearts as perhaps never before.

How can I ever forget this feeding of the hungry in the stables of the Trappist monastery before we left for the uncertain future which we knew awaited us!

It was 4:45 when we finished. The guard, when he entered a few minutes later, was most surprised to see us all up and "dressed." Did he smell revolt? No, there were only quiet, happy faces.

But it was only just in time. Father Y. wanted to give us Holy Communion also on the following day and so he had divided the Sacred Hosts. This had delayed him.

Another minute and we would have been discovered, and that would have meant sacrilege, beatings, and so on.

And so we had Our Blessed Lord another day and another night with us. . . .

I cannot describe our feelings when the last Sacred Host had been consumed and we had to take our leave of Our Lord. Now we were alone, but not forgotten. His visit left in our hearts fires of love and confidence. We felt strong to face the German orders again. . . .

I hope this will be read all over the world and, whilst showing the spirit of the Slovene clergy, raise the hearts of all those who are suffering to have confidence in the eternity of Truth—which is God.

A Rushing, Mighty Wind

Reprinted from the ADVOCATE (Australia)

"THE Spirit," Our Lord declared, "bloweth where It listeth": and the mystery of Its action—the action of God in human history—is one that can be clearly perceived here and there, but never fathomed, as a whole, by the mind of man. It dies down here and there, until it becomes "the whispering of a gentle air," in which the Divine Voice spoke to Elijah, prophet of an apostate and doomed kingdom. Then, at the moment when the last, faint echo seems to be fading away, smothered under the roaring, discordant voices of the world's brazen trumpets borne towards our ears on every breeze—yes, just then, as the listening children of Light grow weary with stretching ears to catch that elusive shadow of sound, they begin to be aware of a new undertone, growing and swelling beneath the arrogant cacophony. It has come—the "rushing, mighty wind," to drown all other sounds as it fills the house. From what direction does it come?—what prayers, what sacrifices have drawn upon men this cleansing tide of grace, these tongues of the fire of life and new youth? Lord God, Thou knowest. All that we know is that, whether the wind of the Spirit sweep on triumphant, or move so gently that Its delicate action is unperceived, It has not ceased to blow through the world, and in the lives of men, from the day of Pentecost, 2,000 years ago, when It came to the tiny group of Christ's followers in their Upper Room.

No promise, however, was ever made by Our Lord that the power of the Spirit, manifest in His Mystical Body, would make the Church's progress among men a long procession of triumph. Great victories there have been, and may be again—a Constantine or a Clovis converted, bringing vast multitudes to the

Faith in their train, and laying the foundations of a new Christian order: a missionary such as the great Saint Patrick, setting fire on earth which kindles hearts miraculously, transforming a pagan nation by Divine Grace. But, at the very time when Our Lord told His disciples of the Comforter to be sent to them, He warned them of other matters "that they might not be scandalized." There was to be no restoration of Israel such as they had hoped—on the contrary, the preachers of the kingdom would be driven out and persecuted—slain, even, by men who would believe that in killing them they did a service to God. And both Jesus Himself and His Apostle, Saint John, speak clearly of times of terrible apostasy—of deceivers and "false Christs" who will seduce the multitude, of a time when true doctrine will be despised.

Whatever we may think, then, of the vast forces of secularism which seem to be closing in upon Christendom in our time: of the looming peril of a barbarism destructive of all spiritual culture and values, no Christian has a right to excuse his discouragement by saying that the promise of Christ has not been fulfilled to His Church. She has grown great and spread over the world, even as He said: She has been exposed to unending war and suffering, even as He said: and She has come upon dark days of treason and confusion, even as He said.

Mundus senescit ("the world grows old") groaned a chronicler who saw the last age of dying Roman civilization in the West. We, too, may experience often a sense of the age of the world, in the awful disillusionment which the present war has brought to multitudes who have lost faith in the old values and are now despairing of the new. Familiar exhortations and promises are dinned into their ears—excited warnings of a doom to be averted, eager pledges of a future of happiness and liberty to come: but their faces show no reaction save one of weariness as they turn away

to the small affairs of their daily life—the life which must go on, somehow, amid the husks which are all that is left of so great an inheritance of wisdom and beauty. Yet, while this hollow din of emptiness clangs its note of doom, can we not hear the distant murmur of the wind of God rising—a wind which brings promise of spiritual renewal, both within the visible Church and far beyond its boundaries—touching with fervor the hearts of those who have loved, even though full knowledge of truth be denied to them. There is the flaming zeal which has brought myriads of youth to the standard of Catholic Action: the sudden and tremendous expansion in the mission field, where a new Christian world is coming into existence to redress the balance of the old. Christians are thinking in terms of a “united front” and common action as never before since the disaster of the Reformation—and the Spirit has touched, it seems, even the hearts of that unhappy race which has borne so dreadful a burden of woe since it rejected the Redemption offered by the Son of David.

In the space of a few years—even the lifetime of a man—it may be difficult to discern anything but “sound and fury, signifying nothing,” in human affairs; but again and again, as the centuries pass and their struggles become history, it has been found that the strong things are confounded, and the weak accomplish a strange victory: that actuality is more extravagantly “unprobable” than the wildest speculations of the prophets. The Pope, like John the Baptist, seems to cry in the wilderness: but his faint words—the whispered echo of a Divine Voice—may prove more pregnant of destiny than the thunders of the world’s war-leaders. At least we may be sure of this: that the wind of God, which brings life and youth to the Church from age to age, will root up and destroy every new enemy which rises against His truth. The Church has seen their beginning, and it will see their end.

The Mass In Queer Places

IVOR HAEL

Reprinted from PAX

SITTING in my study after twenty-five years of priesthood, I have been thinking of the many out-of-the-way circumstances under which it has been my privilege to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. I began my priestly life as a city curate in Western Canada just before World War I, and inaugurated a series of unconventionalities when, suddenly mobilized, I had to burgle the locked room of my Superior with a ladder to "borrow" the altar stone which I took to camp for the first of many Masses to be said under the canopy of Heaven. Sometimes, gingerly supported on a pile of Protestant hymn books, the wandering stone of Sacrifice sanctified the interior of a Y.M.C.A. tent, and on one such occasion the tent-flap opened at the wrong end to disclose the head of an astonished soldier who, looking for a quiet place to "scrounge," found himself behind an altar and in front of a congregation! Back again in barracks during the winter of 1915, I had to fight for a room to myself so that I could say week-day Mass on a tall packing-case. On Sundays we utilized the High School or the ubiquitous Y.M.C.A. Crossing over to Europe in a troop-ship I celebrated a Holy Thursday which had little reference to Baldeschi, and, on arrival at Bramshott, I alternated the trestles of a cinema with the communion-table of an Anglican camp-chapel. Completing our "comprehensiveness" we breakfasted on such occasions in the Methodist hut!

Once while finishing Mass on a board nailed between two trees at Bordon, the temporary altar was nearly wrecked by a runaway team of horses. Confined to the dock-area at Southampton on the way to France, I managed to celebrate on a packing-case in a quiet

corner of the Quay. In Belgium and France I often found a more or less decent altar in a tended or neglected church, but on one occasion, when the troops were out on rest, I had recourse to the back of a regimental water-cart, with stones to hold down the altar-cloth from the frolicsome wind which unliturgically extinguished the candles during the Introit! After assisting at a Midnight Christmas Mass in a village church, I said the Mass of the Aurora in a dusty Y.M.C.A. for a congregation of one staff-officer and three or four privates. My frozen fingers spilled the ablutions on the Missal, and the marks are there to this day. Then I lost my way to the third rendezvous, and, incidentally, nearly walked into the German lines, but, on Saint Stephen's day, I discovered a small congregation of English gunners who crowded about me so that I could not genuflect in the tiny "emplacement" while we celebrated a dialogue Mass and sang carols under the enemy's nose. At Albert I used the famous house-chapel on the outskirts of the town, reserved the Blessed Sacrament without a light, gave Communion every evening and finished up with Benediction enlivened by tallow "dips"!

Returning to England I recommenced a series of adventitious sanctuaries with the use of half a hut which I shared with a "wet" and therefore very boisterous canteen. Later on I enjoyed a quiet chapel-hut which I left on Sundays to celebrate in a cathedral of pine trees. No basilica could have been more impressive than the sylvan shrine at which the flags of Canada and the United States formed an effective reredos. Transferred to the "London Area" on a roving commission, I alternated the splendors of the Metropolitan Cathedral with my domestic altar and the makeshift arrangements of military camps. Afterwards at Buxton, the Concert Hall of a hotel was the scene of a sung Midnight Mass at a temporary altar backed by the palms of the lounge. At Kinmel, the theatre,

dusty from Saturday night, became a sanctuary on Sunday morning. When peace came at length, I returned to Canada and enjoyed the unusual experience of saying Mass in a church.

Once I used my privilege of "portable altar" to celebrate at the bedside of a dying friend. Then came an appointment to a missionary area about the length of England, in which I cheerfully reverted to my old ally, the packing-case. On Sundays I said Mass at various stations in a half-finished chapel, in a dusty cinema, a house-chapel and a village schoolroom. Between two stations I once found a camp of Indians who had neither table nor chair. Long experience had by that time taught me to be ingenious, and, after I had baptised a papoose, I succeeded in balancing the altar-stone (consecrated at Westminster Cathedral) on a mound consisting of such blankets and clothes which the poor creatures were not actually wearing! Later on I had the privilege of celebrating in the Catacombs, at Saint Peter's, in Assisi, and at many another famous shrine, but I must admit that I have never experienced such satisfaction as I have felt when improvising an altar in less promising surroundings. Long before the "Dialogue Mass" came into its happy revival, I had taught the Faithful to cooperate in Masses of which the very humbleness gave them courage. Once I said Mass for a solitary American lecturer (who *called* himself a Socialist) in his tiny office on the Lecture Car of a stationary train; and once for an Austrian mother and daughter in a lonely shack.

During a Mass said on the closed keyboard of a piano in a cinema when it was "forty below," the water froze in the cruets, and even the wine began to congeal! Back in the city, when Ringling's Circus asked for Mass, I arranged an altar on the "property" piano used by the performing elephant, to facilitate the devotions of the Giant, the Dwarf, the Fat Lady and other more normal children of the Faith. At sea I

have sung Mass on an American liner for repatriated Italians; and on an Italian liner with a Catholic crew, I have said the Sunday Mass with one solitary female as a congregation. On a P. and O. liner I have had a congregation of three hundred Goans at five o'clock in the morning. In Wales I have said Mass for Irish navvies on a Welsh mountain side, for soldiers in camp, and for the isolated Faithful in their homes.

Thus the privilege of celebrating Mass *ubique*, accorded to me, as to all Canadian chaplains, for my lifetime, has been well utilized in war and peace. I still hope that I may have unexpected opportunities of saying the *Introibo* where it has never been said before. And, since writing the above lines, I have in fact said Mass in an eighteenth-century attic at Rhandymwyn in the Upper Vale of Towy. *Deo Gratias!*

Some Things New and Old

GHOSTS

Why are Catholics forbidden to believe in ghosts?

That depends entirely upon what you mean. The word "ghost" is an old English word meaning spirit, closely related to the German word *Geist*, which also means spirit. And since the Catholic Religion obliges us to believe in the existence of spiritual beings, it also obliges us to believe in the existence of ghosts, who also are spirits.

The trouble about this question of ghosts is that the popular mind associates the name with the appearance of terrifying spectral phenomena, and that is not what the name really means. For instance, we commonly speak of the Holy Ghost when really we mean the Holy Spirit: which shows how far we have got away from the old meaning of the word.

Now as to what the Holy Bible has to say about ghosts or spirits, look up the First Book of Kings, chapter xxiii, verses 8-20, where the Witch of Endor calls up the ghost or spirit of the Prophet Samuel, and the spirit of Samuel appeared and spoke to Saul, King of Israel.

There is no room for argument about that. It is in the Sacred Scripture, and the Sacred Scripture is the Word of God. On the other hand, any Catholic is free to accept or reject any alleged manifestation of the spirit of a departed person. Spirits both good and evil have the power to reproduce the shapes of the departed. They may even reproduce their thoughts.

This much is clear: the higher spiritual beings can appear to mankind. The angels of God appeared to the patriot Abraham and to Tobias—look that up in your Old Testament. And of course there was the angelic appearance at the Sepulchre early on the morning of the Resurrection. So if by ghost you mean a spiritual being, then as a Catholic you are not only not forbidden to believe in their appearance, but you are obliged to believe that they appear at God's Will, or with His permission.

FATHER NOT A FORBIDDEN TITLE

In the Holy Scripture Christ says we are to call no man Father; yet Catholics speak of their priests and call them Father. Is not that contrary to Christ's command?

It is not contrary to Our Lord's command, as you will see if you look up the context. In Saint Matthew's Gospel, chapter xxiii, verse 9, new revised edition, Christ's words are: "And call no one on earth your father, for one is your Father, who is in heaven."

Now obviously Our Lord did not mean these words to be taken too literally; He did not mean, for instance, that children should not call their parent father. So

you must read all the text to understand what Christ meant.

The commentary on this text, as approved by the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, makes it very clear. It would be blameworthy for Christians to give or receive such titles as "master," "father," "doctor," without recognizing that one is "father in Christ," that is, in union with and subordination to Our Lord and to the Father.

Now the whole point of Christ's teaching is summed up in the twelfth verse of the same chapter: "And whosoever exalts himself shall be humbled, and whoever humbles himself shall be exalted."

Therefore this admonition of Christ is against self-exaltation. In old times there was the English phrase "ghostly father" which meant spiritual father. And it is in just this sense, and in no other, that Catholics call their priests Father. For the priest is the spiritual father of his flock, from the first Sacrament of Baptism to the final Sacrament of Extreme Unction—from the spiritual birth, wherein the members of his flock are reborn in Christ, to that last act in which the soul is commended to God whence it came.